How can he be dumb? He graduated from Yale.

  Manifold Yales. In one,
I conversed with a phantom
in the Sterling stacks. He

was abrading his soul with
the Catholicisms of Chesterton
  for a grand dissertation,

while fretting how the English
Department planned to fuck him
  with their ancient Latin test.

  Another, at the Country Club
Tavern next to the Whitney Theater

    in Hamden, as a graduate
  celebrated. How was Yale?

  I asked. "A four-year drunk!"
    Young purists! (Now back off
    a bit anyway.)--but there

    are at these places fewer
      Swarthmores, Alfreds,
      Wheatons. Whatever.